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THE OUTLOOK.

The political event of the week was the retirement of Corporal Tanner from the Pension Bureau. It had been apparent for a long time that the commissioner was too glib and too responsible. The report of the investigating committee in his case brought to light nothing that called in question his official integrity, and yet he undoubtedly used his power in the matter of re-rating pensions to an extravagant extent, trusting thereby to find favor and support from the Grand Army veterans. Repeated checks from his superior in office failed to restrain him, and his resignation was finally pressed. His removal has been commended by leading men of both parties.

A life-long Democrat, identified with the public service for over thirty years both in the House of Representatives and at the Court of Turkey, a genial humorist, whose fame as such dimmed somewhat his well-earned reputation as a statesman of broad views and incorruptible integrity; intensely loyal in the dark days of the Republic's struggle; the author of our life-saving service; the friend of the great army of letter-carriers who are indebted to him for their increase of pay and the provision made for the hiring of substitutes during their vacations; the leader in the legislation for preparing the national census, and for inspecting foreign ships, not to mention a score of other valuable services—the Hon. Samuel Sullivan Cox, who was suddenly summoned from earthly duties and responsibilities last week, will be greatly missed.

Thanks to the good offices of Cardinal Manning, the Lord Mayor, and the president of the Wesleyan Conference, the obstinate and protracted struggle between the London dock companies and the laborers has been amicably settled. The former had agreed to grant the asked-for advance on the first of January next, but the strikers would compromise only in case the new schedule of wages and the substitution of piece work for the contract system should go into operation on the 4th of November. This was finally conceded, and the laborers have resumed work. It is creditable to the latter that, during the severe strain of the last six weeks, during which they have refused work and thereby brought suffering and loss to a calamitous extent not only upon others but upon themselves, they have kept themselves under restraint, and have not once disturbed the peace. Their victory will doubtless have its effect in inducing other bodies of workmen who are inadequately paid, to "pool their issues," and await patiently the result.

Both from a despatch sent from Zanzibar to the government of the Congo State, and from statements published in the *Mouvement Geographique* of Brussels—a trustworthy authority—it appears that Stanley is really on his way to Mombasa, probably without Emin, and will arrive about the end of October. He has fought his way through the territories of the Uyo and Uganda tribes and conquered them; and has established the authority of the British East African Company—whose president contributed \$50,000 towards Stanley's equipment—from the White Nile to the eastern seaboard. This will be a brilliant achievement, if verified. Meantime, while Stanley is reducing to submission the tribes in the British concession, Capt. Wissman at the head of 2,000 men is pushing his way inland about three hundred miles to the southward, after quelling the revolt against German rule on the coast. By this time he should have reached Uppwapa, in his pursuit of Bushiri. A price of \$5,000 has been offered for the head of this cruel and wily leader, whose death would leave no serious opponent to dispute the re-establishment of German sovereignty in the region conceded to that nation.

Never has Paris had a more prosperous year than the present. The Exposition has proved a most successful magnet. By an informal census taken on the nights of the 20th and 21st of August, it was learned that in the hotels and registered lodging-houses alone there were nearly a quarter of a million of visitors. Up to the end of August the admissions to the Exposition aggregated 14,480,000—more than double the entire number of those who went to the Exhibition of 1878—and its doors will not be closed for nearly two months longer. Golden harvests are being reaped from this unparalleled influx of strangers. The government is also a gainer. The fickle people are too elated by present success to listen to political schemers, or plans of "revision." The country is on the eve of a general election, but though Bonapartists, Boulangists and Monarchists are all active, their appeals fall upon deaf ears. The public attention is too distracted, too sated, to give much heed to the Comte de Paris' manifesto, or Prince Victor's "declaration," in the columns of the *Figaro*. That was a fine stroke on the part of the government to invite the 13,000 provincial

mayors to Paris and entertain them at the public expense. This courtesy will not be forgotten in the coming struggle.

It will be long ere the damages of last week's prolonged storm along the Atlantic seaboard will be repaired, or the memory of its terrific force fade from the minds of those who were exposed to its fury. Coming at the close of the season when the crowds were abandoning the numerous watering-places, the wrecked cottages, hotels and lawns will probably, many of them, be left to their fate, or merely rudely patched-up for the winter—melancholy monuments of the desolating power of the elements. As for the more dreadful havoc wrought among the shipping, with its attendant and serious loss of life, the traces will sooner depart. A new lesson has been taught of the peril of locating property on low-lying coasts like that which extends from Cape May to Sandy Hook and those of Long Island, which are liable to inundation. A tidal wave propagated by an earthquake, or a periodic condition of combined solar and lunar attraction like that which occurred last week—sufficient in itself to pile up the tides above safety point even though they were not swelled by far greater heights and lashed into fury by a cyclone—may spurn away all artificial breakwaters and submerge a Coney Island, or an Ocean City, or a Seabright, or isolate an Atlantic City, to the peril of thousands of lives and the destruction of hundreds of thousands of property. But though the lesson has been often taught in this country and elsewhere, few heed it.

New England's trade relations with Canada have had a pretty thorough discussion before Senator Hoar's select committee which has been visiting the Pacific coast and the northern border in its inquiry, and reached this city last week. The members of the committee learned before arriving here that no new barriers against commercial intercourse with Canada were desired, and that there was a strong demand that those which existed should be removed. They have received substantially the same opinion here. There is a surprising unanimity in favor of removing in whole or in part restrictions upon trade between the two countries. The views of Hon. Alden Spears, president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, may be taken as representative of prevailing sentiment. He would favor, first, annexation; second, as next best, commercial union; but as neither of these is practicable at the present time, he advocates reciprocity. The good results that would follow a return to the treaty of 1854 were exhibited in a series of forcible statistics and cogent statements. The committee will carry back with them valuable material which should be utilized in prompt and salutary legislation.

THE NEW MINISTRY.

BY PRESIDENT WILLIAM F. WARREN.

HOW are we to behave when we see women?"

"Don't see them."

"But if we should see them, what are we to do?"

"Don't speak to them."

"But if they speak to us, what then?"

"Let your thoughts be fixed in deep meditation."

Such is the record of a conversation which according to the sacred books of Buddhism occurred almost immediately after Gautama the Buddha had formulated his law or doctrine and organized a company of men into a society or brotherhood for its promulgation. (See *Maha-pari, v. 23*.)

It seems important to be thus explicit in my reference to the source of the citation lest some careless non-Oriental reader should inadvertently infer that I was quoting from one of the debates of the late General Conference, and on that account give me the go-by. I should be sorry to get the go-by on that or any other ground, for I want to tell the non-Oriental reader that the very Gautama who gave the above answers, lived to organize a second society for the promulgation of his law, and this on the recommendation of Ananda, his monkish cousin, who asked the above questions—a society composed exclusively of these same terrible women whom he was not lawful to look at, or to speak to, or to hear when speaking. Indeed, he so grew in grace that at the appropriate time he was able to deliver his most suitable charge or exhortation to his first nun: "Whatsoever, O Gotami, conduces to absence of passion, to absence of pride, to wishing for little and not for much, to seclusion and not to love of society, to earnest effort and not to indolence, to contentment and not to querulousness, verily that is the true doctrine."

"Sangha," or society, open on equal terms to men and women alike.

A few days ago I chanced to pick up Peter Bayne's work entitled "The Christian Life, Individual and Social." It happened to be the identical copy which on its first appearance thirty-four years ago I had presented as a New Year's gift to my oldest sister. As I glanced over its pages again and noted passages which I had marked so long ago, I thought that few books of its kind would have retained so much of freshness, so much of timeliness to the discussions of the present day. In one respect only did its defects seem crying; by one feature only was it marked as an antiquity. Woman's inheritance and place and work in Christ's kingdom found no recognition; Christianity seemed—with perfect unconcern— to be presented as a male religion. On one page the author did indeed refer to the lives and services of three women, the daughters of Thomas Chalmers, but why? Simply to assure the reader that the father could not have been a fanatic. He says: "Follow the ecclesiastic or professor from the debate or the convalescent into his own home; then see him in his warm arm-chair with his three daughters near him, one shampooing his feet, another talking the sort of nonsense which she knows will set him into fits of laughter, and the third making up the perfect harmony by playing the tunes of dear old Scotland; can you apprehend narrowness or fanaticism in that man?" What a recognition of the worth of woman in the Church of Christ!

But I am forgetting that for which I took up my pen. I want to say a good word for the new ministry provided for by the last General Conference of our church. Personally, many were ready a good while ago to admit Christian women on the same terms and conditions as men to the existing "holy orders" of our church; but the church itself, being as yet unready, did the next best thing in borrowing from the Apostolic Church the holy order of the Deaconess, and in inviting holy women to enter upon it. Considering that in the United States there was at the time not one charge, or home, or support, or defined field of labor, for such new ministers of the Lord Jesus in our church, the response has been almost miraculous. Homes, hospitals, training schools, organizations, literary appliances, are springing into being on every hand. Candidates of the right stamp are rapidly coming forward. Noble gifts are laid upon the altar. So pure and steady is the enthusiasm which sustains the new development, so accordant is it with all the providential voices of the hour, that I do not hesitate to predict that within twenty-five years the number of Deaconesses will quite exceed that of the Deacons in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

How sweet and holy and blessed a ministry is that here opened to Christian women! It differs from that of a Deacon chiefly in its greater scope, its greater opportunity, its greater power of reaching needy and impressive human hearts. It takes on forms which disarm the jealousies of men and win the loving sympathies of women. It gives to its representatives the prayers and co-operations of the good, the respect and reverence of even the evil. For myself I would rather go up to the heavenly rewards of "Sister Dora," than to all the crowns even of the princely Chalmers.

Passing over many things which I would be glad to say, I wish to call attention to a book which ought to be found in every Methodist minister's library and in the library of every Methodist Bible class and Epworth League. I hope it will go into thousands of Methodist homes. It is entitled, "Deaconesses, Ancient and Modern." Its author is Rev. Henry Wheeler, its publisher the Methodist Book Concern. In sixteen chapters, filling 315 pages, it very fully and justly treats of women in the Old Testament and the New; of Deaconesses in the Apostolic and Early Church; of their ordination, character, work, and persecutions; of the disappearance of the order and its modern revival; of its history and present state in Germany, England and the United States; of Deaconesses in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the inferences to be drawn from the whole survey. Many are asking what this new Deaconess movement is, and what it proposes; let them send for this one volume, and they will find full and authentic information. The only other to be named in the same connection is that by Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer, principal of the Chicago Training School of City, Home and Foreign Missions, which fascinating volume should always be read before or after this one by Dr. Wheeler.

Two years ago I had the privilege of visiting the *Diakonissenanstalt* of our church in Frankfurt-on-the-Main. How can I ever forget the sweet sanctity which pervaded all its hushed precincts! How forget the light of intelligent and loving and holy devotion which lit the faces of the sisters in their Christ-like service to sick and well! By the way, I have long been proud of the initiative which our church in Germany and Switzerland gave to the church in America in this good work. Fifteen years before receiving authority from the General Conference, these good brothers and sisters quietly began erecting Deaconess institutions, and employing trained Deaconesses in and for their own congregations, until now they have near a hundred such, with homes in Frankfurt, Berlin, Hamburg, Zurich and St. Gall. In the institution which I visited two hundred and forty-six patients were received and nursed last year. In all the cities named the sisters are respected and loved, and are given free use of the government and city railroads. A few weeks ago at a fair in the interest of the institution in Hamburg a burgomaster publicly spoke in favor of the cause, and paid the Deaconesses affecting tributes of personal and popular esteem. Let us never forget what our home church owes to German Methodism. We have reached the era of the New Ministry, but our German brethren and

sisters reached it before us. Let our emulations now be to see who will be able to make the most of it.

Boston University.

REV. WM. BLACK AND HIS MINISTRY IN BOSTON.

BY REV. W. McDONALD, D. D.

(Read by request before the New England Historical Society, Boston, Oct. 15, 1888, and published by request of the Society.)

REV. WM. BLACK, the honored founder of Methodism in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Newfoundland, was the second Methodist preacher to visit and preach in Boston, if we may except Charles Wesley, who, on his way from Georgia to England, in 1736, spent some time here, preaching in King's Chapel on Tremont St. and in Christ Church on Salem St.

Mr. Black was born in Huddersfield, Eng., in 1760, and at the age of fifteen came, with his parents, to Nova Scotia and settled at Amherst, in the County of Cumberland. At the age of nineteen he was converted, and when twenty-one gave himself to the work of the ministry.

From the first Mr. Black was in labors more abundant, and his successes were in proportion to his labors. He felt his great need of a more liberal education than could be secured in Nova Scotia, and to this end addressed a letter to Mr. Wesley on the subject, earnestly requesting him at the same time to send missionaries to that destitute field. In reply, Mr. Wesley assured him that the desired help should be sent, and that should he come to England a place should be made for him in Kingswood. Mr. Black did not take the course of study at Kingswood, but instead thereof, on the 17th of February, 1784, he took to himself a wife, in the person of Mary Gay, of Cumberland. Mr. Wesley, on hearing of Mr. Black's marriage, wrote, saying, that as he had entered into the marriage relation, he despaired of meeting him in this world.

Miss Gay was born in Boston, Jan. 7, 1755. Her father, Martin Gay, was a merchant, and for many years a deacon in a Congregational church in this city—probably Dr. Elliot's. Her mother had often heard Mr. Whitefield, and was a devout, earnest Christian lady. On the evacuation of Boston by the British, Mr. Gay and family accompanied them to Nova Scotia, and settled at Fort Cumberland. Here, in 1781, under the ministry of Mr. Black, Miss Gay was converted. It will be observed that she was five years Mr. Black's senior. She was a worthy Christian lady, and nobly did she sustain her husband, for a period of forty-three years, in his exhaustive labors. Of her Dr. Richey says: "If I would exhibit an accurate delineation of Mrs. Black's character, I must borrow the pencil, or rather the portrait, of inspiration," referring to Solomon's description of a virtuous wife.

Anxious to secure laborers for that needy field, and seeing no prospects of help from England, Mr. Black naturally looked for help from the United States. To compass this end, in 1784 he left Nova Scotia, accompanied by his new wife, with the purpose of visiting the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to convene in Baltimore Dec. 24, known as the "Christmas Conference." He was persuaded that could he see Dr. Coke, and make known to him the pressing needs of the people in the Lower Provinces, he would, in some way, supply the needed help.

On his way to the General Conference, Mr. Black passed through Boston, where he preached twice with considerable effect. Under the first sermon one experienced the pardoning mercy of God, and under the second several were deeply awakened. These evidences of the Divine favor inspired in him a strong desire to remain for a longer period. But want of time compelled him to move forward; so, leaving Mrs. Black at Hingham with her friends, he hastened on to New York, arriving there Oct. 20. He remained in and about New York city for several days, devoting his time to preaching, and visiting from house to house. He extended his labors as far as Jamaica, on Long Island, where, at the urgent request of the sheriff, he attended the execution of two unfortunate men, praying with and for them, and commending them to the mercy of God.

From New York he proceeded to Maryland, where, at Annapolis, he met Rev. Richard Whatcoat, who had just arrived from England in company with Dr. Coke. After traveling with this goodly man for some time, he represents him as a man of an "humble and affectionate spirit."

Mr. Black had long desired to meet Dr. Coke, and that long-cherished wish was gratified, Dec. 14. On the following day he heard the Doctor preach at Ganpowder meeting-house, and joyfully received from his hands the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The occasion was one of great spiritual profit to our young Nova Scotia evangelist. From a full heart he exclaims, "O my God, I am Thine by a thousand ties—necessary, voluntary and sacred. Sanctuaries, woods, fields and other places have been witnesses of the solemn vows and engagements I am under to Thee, and when I presumptuously violate them, they will bring in their evidences against me. Oh, by Thy powerful grace, preserve me Thine, Thine forever!"

They proceeded on to Baltimore, where, on the 24th of December, was convened the most important Conference ever held in American Methodism. It was at this Conference that the Methodist Episcopal Church was formally organized. Of the members of that memorable body Mr. Black writes: "Perhaps such a number of holy, zealous, godly men never before met in Maryland—perhaps not on the continent of America."

Mr. Black was successful in securing the services of two valuable men for the Provinces—Freeborn Garrettson and James O. Cromwell, who left at once for their new

field. Dr. Coggeshall tells us that they probably embarked from Boston. In this the Doctor is evidently mistaken. They all embarked from New York, Messrs. Garrettson and Cromwell directly to Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, while Mr. Black took passage in a schooner bound for Boston. The author of Mr. Black's Life says: "Messrs. Garrettson and Cromwell proceeded by way of New York, but Mr. Black, having left his wife among her friends in Hingham, took a passage in a schooner bound for Boston."

The schooner put in at Hyannis, Jan. 20, and being detained there, Mr. Black preached six sermons at Barnstable, where two were converted, and a deep religious interest was produced among all classes. These were the first Methodist sermons ever preached on Cape Cod.

From Barnstable Mr. Black proceeded by land to Hingham, arriving there on the 26th. Remaining a few days with his wife's friends, on the first of February he came to Boston to take up the work he left a few months before.

Mr. Black continued his labors in Boston, not, as Dr. Coggeshall and Bishop Simpson say, for six months, but about three months and a half—from the first of February to the middle of May. Not being able to procure a church, he preached in a private house at the North End. But so great was the crowd that the floor of the house gave way, greatly alarming the people. In no way discouraged by such a disaster, they removed to the South End of the town, and to a larger room. But here, also, the crowd was so great that during the time of prayer the beams of the house gave way, "and the people screamed as if going to be swallowed up by an earthquake." No one, however, sustained any serious injury.

The next thing was to apply to the selectmen of the town for the use of the North Latin school-house. Permission was very kindly given; but no sooner had the people assembled there than the floor of the building gave way, creating great alarm among the worshippers. This was the third time that such an accident had occurred. It must have seemed to the people that a weighty theology, or something else, was about to be introduced into the central city of the Puritans.

It became necessary to secure a stronger and more commodious place of worship. The old Sandemanian meeting-house was kindly offered, and gratefully accepted by Mr. Black. All we know of this meeting-house is that it was located in the rear of Hanover St., not far from North Bennet St. It was built before the Revolution, and the society, always small and feeble, became extinct in 1822, and the house of worship was converted into a primary school. "The scene of Mr. Black's labors in Boston," says Dr. Coggeshall, "was in this house." But this is a mistake. It was soon found that this house could not accommodate more than one-quarter the people who seemed eager to hear the Methodist evangelist.

Rev. Mr. Stillman, a liberal, large-hearted, devout Baptist clergyman, united with his people in an invitation to Mr. Black to occupy their meeting-house—a plain, large, wooden structure, standing in a yard on Salem St., and known as the First Baptist Church in Boston. Here Mr. Black preached but three or four times, when the crowds again became so great that the house would scarcely hold one-half that flocked to hear him.

There was but one church edifice in town, at that time, which was large enough to accommodate the people who were anxious to hear Mr. Black; and that was Rev. Mr. Elliot's, known as the "New North," and located on the corner of Hanover and Clark Sts. To this church he was cordially invited, and for several weeks preached the gospel of the grace of God to thousands of hungry souls. Great numbers are said to have been converted, and it was admitted that Boston had not known such a revival since the days of Whitefield. At the last service held by Mr. Black in the "New North," it was estimated that there were present not less than three thousand persons.

It was not that Mr. Black was an eloquent preacher that he drew such crowds, though he was not unattractive as a public speaker. But there was an unction of the Holy One which seemed to rest upon him, and to attend the word. His soul seemed on fire. This was the charm of his eloquence and the secret of his success.

(Concluded next week.)

BOSTON LETTER.

BY "SHAWMUT."

THE camp-meeting season is over—and the vacation. People are gradually dropping into their accustomed places in the church, though it is often observable that it takes longer to drop into church than to drop out.

The camp-meetings in this vicinity have had about their ordinary attendance and success—some a little more, others a little less. Hamilton, on the whole and for legitimate work the best camp-meeting in New England, was this year above its average. The ministerial force was well led by Dr. Mansfield, the presiding elder, and was united and aggressive in the work. Bishop Mallaleu was not a little helpful to the pastors by the contagious zeal with which he entered into the altar services not less than by his labor in the pulpit. The preaching throughout was characterized by spirituality, directness, and the absence of any apparent attempt at great preaching, which sometimes results in failure through want of adaptation.

But withal the future of the camp-meeting is an unsolved problem. The changes in its conditions, external and internal, within the last thirty years have been very great. Will the next generation witness as great? And will the camp-meeting through its various transformations lose its essential spirit? The old-time camp-meeting, extemporized

on some friendly farmer's wood-lot, imperfectly cleared of underbrush, seated with slabs and logs, encircled with rudest tents, innocent of floor or bed other than leaves and straw, has given way to the elegant sylvan park with seated and canopied auditorium surrounded by neat and comfortable tabernacles and society houses, with outlying parks and avenues bordered with cosy and often costly cottages, the summer houses of families to whom the camp-meeting is an incident, not always welcome in their summer outing. It seems hardly possible—though such is the fact—that the first camp-ground cottage ever built is still standing at Martha's Vineyard, its front unchanged, and not yet thirty years old.

The old camp-ground had no attractions for the people except its religious services, and no distractions except as men of the "baser sort" disturbed the worship with violence or irreverent mischief. There was nothing to see except at the "stand" or the society tent. A rainy day was welcomed as a harvest-time because it drove the people to the shelter of the tents, and so put the unconverted within short range of the preaching, singing, prayers and personal appeals of the church. The family tents and cottages have changed all that.

The financial aspect of the camp-meeting is not insignificant. The amount of money invested in grounds, buildings and appliances—aside from private cottages, etc.—is in the aggregate very considerable, while the cost of travel and the individual expenses incident to the modern style of camp-meeting living have no inconsiderable effect upon the attendance.

But what makes the future of the camp-meeting more doubtful, is the manner of attendance—and the want of attendance. Our people have ceased to go as tents' companies. The larger churches are less and less interested; not a few have dropped out altogether. We look in vain on any of our camp-grounds for the tents of such churches as Tremont Street, Harvard Street, Trinity and Temple Street. Others equally prominent are represented only by empty tents. Hardly half a dozen tents' companies at Hamilton this year were large enough to carry on tent meetings. Not less significant is the absence from the religious services of leading laymen. Good congregations there were, at times, but where were the leaders and stewards—the strong men to lead and labor in tent and altar service? The elect ladies, too, were wanting. The day before the regular meeting the stand and platform showed a splendid array of women devoted to the missionary work, wise and zealous and successful therein. But all the more conspicuous, therefore, was their absence or silence in the religious services of the camp-meeting. The fact is noted as questioning the piety or devotion of these men and women, but as affecting the question of the future of the camp-meeting.

Can the Camp-meeting Live?

By the camp-meeting we mean, of course, the religious revival meeting, not the educational or social assembly. A variety of these institutions are outgrowths or parasites of the true camp-meeting. Changes there must be. Can the changed form retain the vital spirit? Less and less dependence can be placed upon the society tent-meetings. The mass prayer-meeting and the general altar service must take the place of these. The canopy or large tabernacle must largely succeed the tent for the directly revival work. Indeed, the society tent has already disappeared from some grounds, as the tent's company is disappearing from others. But the ominous fact is that the aggressive religious services have disappeared in about the same ratio.

If camp-meeting is to retain its original purpose as an instrument for spiritual upbuilding, and for the awakening and conversion of men, it must keep to its distinctive work. Many other things which have gradually crept in must be banished, not because they are bad, but because they interfere with the work in hand. We may not indeed remove the family cottage and demand the people to the society tent, though the scattering of the people is by so much a hindrance. Perhaps games and amusements and excursions incidental to a summer resort may not be banished from camp-grounds before and after the camp-meeting, though they are not helpful to the directly religious services. But, assuredly, the promoters of camp-meetings should not make these prominent as the chief attractions of their grounds.

Beyond all these it is necessary to keep the camp-meeting to its single purpose. Diverse and distracting interests must be avoided. A camp-meeting cannot be maintained on the same ground with a Chautauque Assembly. Chautauque is good, and camp-meeting is good, but they do not lie in the same plane, and their forces are not capable of immediate transmutation. Two distinct crowds cannot be gathered on the same ground in the same season, nor can the same crowd be "switched off" from the Assembly to the camp-meeting track. The experiment has been tried in many places, but never yet with real success. For the same reason all other than the regular services should be shut out. A day given to temperance or missions in the middle of the meeting is worse than a day lost. It does not profit the cause advocated; it does break the continuity of the meeting. There should be no "side shows." The W. F. M. S. and the W. C. T. U. have no more place in your camp-meeting than in your series of revival services at home. William Taylor's presence and talks of India, South America and Africa, with his book-selling and hand-shaking, have more than once paralyzed the revival work of a camp-meeting—whatever good he may have done otherwise. He was too interesting—but not in the right direction.

That some of our camp grounds will be given up permanently and profitably to Chautauque work, seems not doubtful. That one or two others will become pleasure-resorts under favorable moral influences and with only a secondary interest in special services, religious, moral and intellectual, seems well-nigh certain. Others may be kept as instruments of spiritual power by keeping them exclusively for the preaching of the Gospel and pressing home its provisions upon the attention of the living crowds who gather to hear.

THE METHODIST PULPITS OF BOSTON.

The following abstracts of sermons are furnished in response to the Editor's request. A limit of 200 words was suggested. The pastors appear in alphabetical order.

The Soul Garden.

Rev. Louis Albert Banks.

(St. John's Church, South Boston.)

TEXT—"Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits."—SOLOMON'S SONG 4: 16.

The preceding verses are a tribute to the character of the church, the text a prayer of the righteous for spiritual culture.

1. It is a prayer for the north wind. It recognizes the influence of adversity and sorrow in the development of character.

2. The prayer is for the south wind as well. After frost and rain, plow and harrow and sower have wrought together, the last appeal is to the south wind. The warm breath of the Holy Spirit must work the tardy seeds to life.

3. The soul is a garden. That means cultivation—wild growths felled, stumps and roots dug out or burned up. It means plowing, harrowing, seeds sown, watered.

4. A garden means variety. It would be a monotonous place with only one plant. This is Paul's garden plan: "Add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity. For if these things be in you and abound, they make you that ye shall be neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Into such a soul, and into a church of such character, the great Gardener will come and abide and take delight.

The Voyage of Life.

Rev. L. B. Bates, D. D.

(Meridian Street Baptist, East Boston.)

(Outline of a sermon preached in the Synanon Baptist at Smyrna, Asia Minor, Nov. 4, 1888. There were eight Methodist ministers present, and the room was crowded with sailors, representing nine different nations.)

TEXT—"Commanded that they which could swim, should cast themselves first into the sea, and get to land, and rest, and so on board, and some on broken pieces of the ship, and so it came to pass that they all escaped save to land."—ACTS 27: 44.

St. Paul was on his voyage to Rome; for he had appealed unto Caesar. Paul wanted the captain of the danger of navigation to be in the season. All were anxious to go as far as possible before the winter set in and storms should overtake them. There arose a tempestuous wind called Euroclydon; on the land we should call it a cyclone. They were cast on the island of Melite, the storm continuing for many days. Paul kept up their courage by his counsel. In the end all were saved—two hundred and seventy-six souls.

Subject: 1. Our great work on the voyage of life. It is to be saved, and through faith in Christ secure eternal life.

2. To save as many others as possible.

3. The human means and earthly instrumentalities by which we secure the salvation of our souls.

These last are not essential, for some could and did swim ashore, others on boards and broken pieces of the ship. Some seek Christ at home, some in the churches, some on ships, some in foreign climes, some in fair weather, some in the storm.

Application: Ye men from different countries, come this Sabbath evening on Paul's old battlefield, and yield your hearts to Him who gave Himself a ransom for you, and who ever liveth to make intercession for you. Here, near where the dust of the martyred Polycarp rests, let his Saviour be your Saviour, and there shall be joy on earth and in heaven. Come with your friend, if you have one with you. If friendless, come, and you shall find a Friend who will never leave you; and if you, who are so soon to sail out upon the sea, shall be wrecked, and cannot swim, and boards and pieces of ship cannot save you, on Christ can and will. Listen: "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

The Soul's Satisfaction.

Rev. M. C. Beale.

(Roxbury Church.)

TEXT—"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness."—PS. 17: 15.

The Psalm contrasts the lot and destiny of the worldly man with those of the upright and God-fearing.

When I awake. The illal child of God does not sleep. It is not intimated here that he dozes. At death he changes the phase of life—advances to a higher plane. In passing from the death of sin to the life of righteousness, there is an awakening; so, passing from the earth, with its tendencies and incentives to sin, its veiling and darkness and sin, its limitations of every kind, the great change is properly termed an awakening. Our Lord teaches continued life in His promise to the penitent thief; conscious dying persons give no indication of mental decay; their conversation shows knowledge and life at their best and promises continuance.

In Thy likeness. Created in the likeness of God, man has gone far from Him, and by sin lost resemblance to his Heavenly Parent. By a life of faith, communion and obedience, he regains this lost likeness, in a measure, and, evidently, when he stands before his Father, divested of the fetters and contaminations of the earth, recognizes in himself resemblance to his God.

I shall be satisfied—Man is not satisfied here. Conditions forbid. He is immortal. Only God can meet all his demands. They are not filled while the world intervenes and interrupts. At last he stands before God, without stain, or blindness or sin; earth's delinquencies and disfigurements forever passed; identity as God's child established; the soul's highest longings and imaginings more than realized—forevermore—and he is satisfied.

The application is simple, individual and helpful.

"Following Christ."

Rev. W. N. Brodbeck.

(Tremont St. Church.)

TEXT—"And after these things he went forth, and saw a publican named Levi, sitting at the receipt of custom; and he said unto him, Follow Me."—LUKE 5: 27.

The context tells us that "he immediately left all, rose up, and followed Him." Perhaps he did not fully understand what was involved in the step. This need not seem strange to us. Men generally do not today. They may understand the mere literal meaning of His words. Any Sabbath-school scholar would say: they mean that we should become His disciples. But the question at once arises—

What is involved in being a disciple of Christ? I answer, first, negatively:—

1. Not simply being connected with His visible church. Many seem to think this is all that is involved. This is important. I do not see how a man can be a Christian and remain out. If you do not meet the church, the church needs you. Christ everywhere insists upon a public profession of His name. But while church membership is so important, it is not the one thing needful.

2. Not simply a moral life, or mere conformity to the outward requirements of Christianity. Many persons are deceiving themselves in this regard; are mistaking these things for true discipleship. These outward expressions such as prayers, professions, morality, and liberality are all essential, and the natural results of true religion. I do not believe a man can be religious without them. No man can be religious on the sly. But they are not the thing itself. Without love, all these things profit nothing. I answer positively:—

3. Being Christ-like. But now the question arises, "What is it to be Christ-like?"

Not simply because He wrought miracles, or taught great truths; but because He was absolutely pure in heart and holy in life. And these are the elements which enter into likeness to Him now:—

1. Purity of heart. Here is the great aim and object of the Gospel. Every command and promise centres right here. This is the grand end of the atonement. Christ suffered and died to render it possible for man to be pure in his inner life. And we may be thus even in this sinful world.

2. Holiness of life. And these two are inseparable. One cannot exist without the other. If your life is not a holy one, your heart is not a pure one. We must live in the constant practice of our religion. Not only upon the Sabbath, and when engaged in religious duties, but at all times and in every place Christ's life must be reflected upon the world through our life. It was a quiet yet forcible way of presenting the truth resorted to by the old saint, when he said, "I love to see a man manifest his religion when he measures potatoes, as well as when he shouts hallelujah." It is possible for us to so reflect His life that men will know we have learned of Him.

3. A life of active benevolence. Christ's purity and holiness were not of a negative character, but such as found expression in positive acts of mercy and benevolence. And this must be the character of ours. There is work for us to do, and trial to endure, if we would obey the call to follow Him. True, much of the significance attaching to the command as it is applied to Matthew, is unknown to us to-day; yet enough remains to make it the most important and solemn step of life. We cannot do better than to imitate him. When the call came, he was prompt and unhesitating. So let us at once leave all and follow the Master. My language of each heart be:—

"Savior, where'er Thy steps I see, Dauntless, unfettered, I follow Thee; O let Thy hand support me still, And lead me to Thy holy hill."

"What is it to be Christ-like? Why was He peculiar among men?" Not simply because He wrought miracles, or taught great truths; but because He was absolutely pure in heart and holy in life. And these are the elements which enter into likeness to Him now:—

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Commentators seem to regard this as ironical, but it seems to me to be a wholesome encouragement to young people to enjoy the pleasures possible only to youth, ever keeping in mind responsibility and accountability. Youth is the most important period of life, since it contains the germ and potency of all life, temporal and eternal.

Youth is the time of 1. Special opportunity; for physical development, mental development, grounding in good habits and religious principles. 2. Of special dangers. Youth is restless, volatile, impulsive; has not the safeguard of absorbing employment and formed habits of mind and body. Youth craves companionship and fears to alienate friends by opposition. Evil courses are almost universally begun in youth. 3. Special responsibilities. To each is committed the discipline, and so the destiny, of an immortal spirit, capable of boundless increase in capacity for enjoyment or suffering. 4. Special needs. Mistake made here are not easily rectified. Youth needs the advice of good friends; the safeguard of fixed principles; the help to be derived from Christian surroundings. Youth needs the pity which arises from warm love to God and communion with Him. The conscious presence of Christ is both a comfort and a restraint. There is no safety outside of God.

For the manner in which you meet these things: God will bring you to judgment. The hour does not end with the revolving of its sixty minutes. It reaches across all the years to come. There will be a judgment, and we shall be there. "Hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep His commandments; for this is the whole duty of man."

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from Sinai; they have taken care from Lebanon to make maps for thee."—EXODUS 17: 6.

Introduction: Tyrus was a powerful and opulent seaport—almost an island—fine ports. It is located great commercial tides of Asia and Egypt. The people rich and haughty; forgot God; sought pleasure; God's eye upon city; sent prophet at zenith of her power; wealth and costly ships not save her.

America's danger to day is in her great prosperity, pleasure-seeking, forgetting God and His law and worship. Recreations becoming dissipations. Simply playing marbles; not freights, immigrant, or battle ships, but merely yachting marbles.

1. Yachts hold "go-as-you-please papers," allowing them to visit all ports at will, seeking their own delight with the greatest freedom.

We have "go-as-you-please church members." They claim a kind of license, or "broad-thought papers," run into any port for pleasure—opera, theatre, cards, worldly pleasures, etc., will lead some poor souls to ruin.

2. Yachts are good summer ships, but poor for winter. Carry too much canvas; too heavily spiced—hollow sails; safe on smooth seas and in light airs, wrecked in "sterner seas."

Liberal thought, refinement without piety, are good summer risks; but only a hollow mast and "rent sails" in the grip of winter.

3. Yachts take select parties from "their own set," never freights, no immigrants to a better land, or sick to home land. Seldom pilots or life savers.

Church members may be refined, cultured, live in own cultivated set, delightful homes, etc.; but never walk the deep of humanity with the Master; pilot not souls to God; bring no weary home, no blessings to poor and prisoners, etc.

4. Yachts furnish some of the finest models—develop comfort and speed in ships, etc.

Or most useful and wealthy people have often given the world the finest church architecture—temples that minister to the best that is in man; constant beautiful edifices—thank God for them!

5. Yachts develop the finest skill in seamanship. Our most aristocratic and exclusive churches frequently hold for years in the pulpit the most brilliant talent, the best scholarship, and broad, world-elevating thought. A sectarian age needs it. Trinity Church, temple and past, is a beautiful illustration of both thoughts.

6. Yachts have same ocean, seas, storms, rocky, ice, chart, guide-books, compass, as merchant ships. Safety and success depend upon knowledge and use of these.

Millionaires and dinner-pail toilers have the same human life—pastor, temptation, same storms, Bible, Holy Ghost, Christ, Father and heaven. Salvation and final salvation depend on right knowledge and use of these.

Ye Are My Witnesses.

Rev. Francis J. Hale.

(Parkman Street Church.)

TEXT—"Ye are My witnesses, saith the Lord."—ISAIAH 43: 10.

These words were not addressed to the

The Sun
THIRD QUARTER
Sunday, Sept. 16, 1889.
BY REV. W. O. SAMUEL.
I. Preliminary.
The lessons of the first period of time of Samuel (1 Sam. 1:1-15) were:
1. The first lesson.
2. The second lesson.
3. The third lesson.
4. The fourth lesson.
5. The fifth lesson.
6. The sixth lesson.
7. The seventh lesson.
8. The eighth lesson.
9. The ninth lesson.
10. The tenth lesson.
11. The eleventh lesson.
12. The twelfth lesson.
13. The thirteenth lesson.
14. The fourteenth lesson.
15. The fifteenth lesson.
16. The sixteenth lesson.
17. The seventeenth lesson.
18. The eighteenth lesson.
19. The nineteenth lesson.
20. The twentieth lesson.
21. The twenty-first lesson.
22. The twenty-second lesson.
23. The twenty-third lesson.
24. The twenty-fourth lesson.
25. The twenty-fifth lesson.
26. The twenty-sixth lesson.
27. The twenty-seventh lesson.
28. The twenty-eighth lesson.
29. The twenty-ninth lesson.
30. The thirtieth lesson.
31. The thirty-first lesson.
32. The thirty-second lesson.
33. The thirty-third lesson.
34. The thirty-fourth lesson.
35. The thirty-fifth lesson.
36. The thirty-sixth lesson.
37. The thirty-seventh lesson.
38. The thirty-eighth lesson.
39. The thirty-ninth lesson.
40. The fortieth lesson.
41. The forty-first lesson.
42. The forty-second lesson.
43. The forty-third lesson.
44. The forty-fourth lesson.
45. The forty-fifth lesson.
46. The forty-sixth lesson.
47. The forty-seventh lesson.
48. The forty-eighth lesson.
49. The forty-ninth lesson.
50. The fiftieth lesson.
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59. The fifty-ninth lesson.
60. The sixtieth lesson.
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69. The sixty-ninth lesson.
70. The seventieth lesson.
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78. The seventy-eighth lesson.
79. The seventy-ninth lesson.
80. The eightieth lesson.
81. The eighty-first lesson.
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86. The eighty-sixth lesson.
87. The eighty-seventh lesson.
88. The eighty-eighth lesson.
89. The eighty-ninth lesson.
90. The ninetieth lesson.
91. The ninety-first lesson.
92. The ninety-second lesson.
93. The ninety-third lesson.
94. The ninety-fourth lesson.
95. The ninety-fifth lesson.
96. The ninety-sixth lesson.
97. The ninety-seventh lesson.
98. The ninety-eighth lesson.
99. The ninety-ninth lesson.
100. The hundredth lesson.

The Family.

TO-DAY'S DUTIES.

BY LILLIAN ORRY.

Is there a kindly word for you to say?
Do not delay to say it;
Is there a debt of love for you to pay?
Do not delay to pay it.

The pleasant friend who walks with you to-day
May absent to to-morrow;
Then loving words and deeds, unsaid, undone,
Will cause regret and sorrow.

Life is so short; the days speed by so fast,
With never a returning,
And opportunities once gone, are ever gone,
In spite of weary yearning.

Time past is done, and time to come
You cannot surely borrow;
Do all the kindly deeds you can to-day,
You may not have to-morrow.

THE LESSON OF PAIN.

O Pain! mysterious guest,
Coming unbidden, unguessed,
To greatest and to least,
Birthdays and wedding-feasts;
Standing where lovers' eyes
Shine with love's prophetic gleam,
— Whence, wherefore art thou sent,
Unwelcome visitant?

Not that our hearts may know
To feel for others' woe,
And learn from their own sting
To pity ailing;
That were too small a gain,
The loss of which the gain;
And God deals justly, who
Rendeth to each his due.

Not that our favored souls
May reach the higher goals,
And, hovering, shining high,
Tempt other souls to fly;
Nor that those bent on sin
May find a cure therein,
And, by His lifted rod,
Know an offended God.

No! Heaven-sent, bitter-sweet,
With swift and tireless feet,
Thou comest unasked for, Pain,
Again and yet again,
Bound on this errand blest,
To make of us our best—
That which we could not be,
Save for thy help and thee.

The gold ore grieveth not,
Though fires are fierce and hot;
Nor counts its burning loss,
To lose its unending dross;
Intent on being pure,
It can abide, endure,
However fierce the blast,
So it is gold at last.

So from thy crucible
Our souls, debased and dull,
Shall come, dear Pain, some day,
With their dross burned away,
Come with new name and sign
To own the old divine,
And see in thy steps eyes
All joyful promises.

—SUEAN COOLIDGE, in Sunday School Times.

YOUTH AND TIME.

Move not so lightly, Time, away,
Grant us a breathing-space of tender ruth;
Deal not so harshly with the days of youth,
Leave us the charm of spring, the touch of youth.

Leave us the lilacs wet with dew,
Leave us the balsams odorous with rain,
Leave us the red poppies a few,
Let the red odors sprout for us again.

Leave us the hazel thickets wet
Along the hills, leave us a month that yields
The fragile blood of the violet,
Leave us the storage shimmering on the fields.

You offer us largess of power,
You offer time, but not these in south,
These comfort as upon his falling hour,
But oh, the touch of spring, the charm of youth!

—DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT, in Scribner's.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

Remember, Christian, if you are poor in the world, you should be rich in faith; and if you are rich in this world, you should be poor in spirit. The way to ascend is to descend; the deeper a tree roots the wider do its branches spread. The sun of prosperity shines the clearest in the sphere of humility. The true nobility of the mind consists in the humbleness of the mind. Consider that as none have so little but they have great cause to bless God; so none have so much as to have the least cause to boast before God. —Rev. William Secker.

Our Christian life must be lived out before the world. As, in olden times, men saw Him on their streets and in their homes and in their assemblies, and knew that the Christ was visible, so must they see us in places of business and study, in all places where men are, and must know that the Christ, in the person of one who loves and serves Him and represents Him to them, is verily present. They must see Him in us. We must speak His language. Such words as reached the intellect of Nicodemus and the conscience of the woman of Samaria, as revealed the young ruler to himself and made Pilate fear; as fell on the sad hearts of the multitudes, who in their hunger and thirst hung on His lips; as led Roman officers, awed by His language, to say, "Never man so spoke," must be our words to our associates and to strangers. We must speak the language of heaven amidst the babel tongues of the world. Christian songs have often awakened responsive tones in dull souls, and Christian testimony has convinced gainers of the reality of personal faith in Christ. —Dr. Burdett Hart.

Children of men, put off your fear and doubt;
The Lord who changes death to life, for, lo!
The wild herb's wounded stalk He cares about,
And heeds the ravens when the rough winds blow;
He sendeth down the drop of shining dew
To light the daisy from her house of death,
And shall He, then, forget the like of you,
O ye of little faith?

He speaketh to the willing soul and heart
By dreams, and in the visions of the night,
And happy is the man who, for his part,
Believeth in the language of the light.
Of all His revelations, whether found
In the old books, so sacredly upbound,
And clasped with golden clasps, or whether writ
Through later intuitions of His power,
Where he that ranneth still perceiveth it
Illuminating every humble flower
That springs from the ground.

And as we climb the stair
Of rough and ugly fortune, by the props
Of faith and charity, and hope and prayer,
To the serene and beauteous mountain-top,
Of our best human possibility,
Where hovers the spirit of eternity,
The world below looks fair,
Its seeming inequalities subdued,
And level, all, to purposes of good.

—Alice Cary.

The great sorrows of life are the quietest.
Riotous March winds are not so desolating in their effect as soft-shod winter snows. The sea lashed by tempest is not so dreaded by the mariner as the winless quiet of becalmed waters. When we suffer so that our souls become like desert countries wherein no green things grow, withered beneath the vertical glare of desolating suns, and unrelieved for ever by any moisture of tears, then we look back upon the bread-and-butter tragedies of more vehement years as great rivers might remember the babble of their hillside days, or bread baked brown by scorching fire remember its days of dough.

The world is full of desperate troubles, I know. Every heart has its enclosure for graves, and at many feasts sits the draped skeleton; yet I will not agree with any one that this world is a bad place to live in, or

that a long face or a downcast heart are worth cultivating. This life is a beautiful prelude to eternity, like the touch of harp and the sigh of violins that herald the full climax of one of Beethoven's grand symphonies. As surely as May follows April's mild, peace shall come after conflict, sunshine after tears.

Only owls and bats seek the shadows and live within them. Only cowards and the faint-hearted call the world a vale of tears. Because there is night-shade in the world, shall we plant it in our gardens? Because bats live, shall we cage them and hang them in our bedrooms? Because it sometimes rains, shall we carry umbrellas in sunny weather? Because sin and sorrow, unfaithful and death are abroad in the world, is there any reason why we should stand at our doors in expectancy of their coming, or weep constantly at the windows to see the sad procession go by?

There is no grief that will wear a lifetime's mourning. Only the faithless cry always. As though to prove the wisdom of my words, just here as I write the miracle of sunshine and rain together is weaving out of doors. It has been storming like the wildest fall of passionate tears, but now a rosy tide of April floods the dripping world, and the wet streets dimple and flash like tearful faces smiling. A moment, and the sun has gained the victory. Hurray for sunny weather then, and banished be the tears. —"AMBER," in Union Signal.

Our sanctuary services and our communion seasons will be little worth if they do not lead us to do everything in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. But wherever our piety is genuine and our consecration unreserved, we shall seek in all things to glorify God. Let the attainment of this be the object for which we pray, and after which we strive. It will add happiness to our hearts and give influence to our lives. It will bring the dry details of business and domestic life into harmony with the devotions of the closet and the fellowship of the sanctuary; we shall have beneath the bustle and activity and anxiety of commerce a hidden joy carrying—

"Music in the heart
Mid dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying our daily task with busier feet,
Because our secret souls a holy strain repeat."

And in the end we shall receive from the lips of Him whose approbation is eternal honor, the commendation, "Well done! Thou hast been faithful in a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." If, therefore, Christ hath redeemed you by His precious blood, see that you consecrate yourself to Him; so will your heart become a dwelling place for His Spirit, and He will dwell in you, and on all you have, this expressive inscription, "Holiness unto the Lord." But remember it must be in the heart first; and to have it there you must lovingly and believingly receive Jesus as your Saviour and Sovereign. —W. M. Taylor, D. D.

THE THIRTEENTH.

BY SARAH MIERCK SCARBOROUGH.

"I DON'T see how the mistake was made." "But it is, and how to prepare for it is more than I can tell. You know, Mr. Fisk, we had to ransack the place to get people to take twelve, and the thirteenth is the last left."

"What is to be done? Can we send him back?"

"It seems a shame to, but you'll have to as far as I can see. It is our first year in helping out the Fresh-Airs, and if things don't go right, it may be the last."

The minister and one of the committee for the purpose stood dubiously regarding the situation into which they were thrown by one more poor child than had been expected.

"Couldn't a body prevail on Callista Carter to take one?" slowly asked Mr. Fisk.

"Nothing less than an angel could, and you know for yourself that they don't rustle round lively in Pinckney," was the quick rejoinder.

"It does seem as if she might have some heart in this work, she is a good neighbor."

"Well, she's dead set against having anything to do with such 'vagabonds' as she calls them all. This one's white face ain't going to take her in. There she is now!"

The pale boy who had dropped wearily upon a piece of freight turned to look wistfully at the roomy phaeton drawn by the sleek, gentle gray—known as "Miss Carter's rig." The grim occupant stepped out upon the platform to meet the two who were in such a quandary as to the disposal of the last of the group which had been apportioned to and carried off by those waiting to receive them, and Mr. Fisk stepped briskly forward.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Carter. I believe the fates have kept one for you, and you have come for him," he announced jovially to his parishioner, as he shook hands with her.

"One what, pray?" she asked stiffly.

"A boy—just what you need and just what needs you."

"Humph! I've got along so far, and I guess I can go on 'bout one more of the rest of my days," she scolded, and turned shortly away on her errand to the freight-house.

"Now you have done it, Mr. Fisk," anxiously exclaimed his companion. "Don't you know her own boy ran away when he was sixteen and has never returned? She has never gotten over that."

"No, I didn't know it, but all the more reason she should be interested in homeless boys, then. I do not believe in people letting a sorrow turn them to gall against their kind. Here, Donny, you'll have to go to my house to-night. Can you walk far?"

"I can try it, sir."

"Mrs. Carter"—Mr. Fisk turned to the woman who had finished her business and was about to enter the phaeton again—"Mrs. Carter, cannot you take this child out to my house? There has been a mistake, and no place is found for him. I must take him until we can see what to do. He is just out of the hospital and too lame to walk far. Can you help us much?"

"To your house! And where can you find room in that box of a parsonage, with six children and a sick wife? Such planning!" Mrs. Carter indignantly exclaimed; ungraciously adding, "Yes, he can be carried if you're foolish enough to take him."

"There is no other way till I can send him back," he answered gravely.

"Will I have to go back?" queried the boy as, after a few minutes' drive curled among the comfortable cushions, he gained courage to ask the question of the silent woman.

"How can I tell?" she answered shortly. "The Lord never intended such charity as Mr. Fisk's taking anybody, though!"

"How many poor boys do you take?" he timidly questioned.

"I? Bless you—none!"

"It's nice to have room, isn't it?" he meditated. "I never saw room and air enough but once."

"I should think air was cheap and plenty enough," she remarked, more to banish suddenly-aroused thoughts than from any desire to be sociable.

"Not in this city, ma'am. Out at the hospital there was so much room and air."

"How did you get hurt?" she asked rather indifferently.

"A boy I knew slipped on the street, and I tried to pull him off from under some horses. I got him out, but they hurt my hip. We both went to the hospital, but he got out long before I did," he said modestly, ending with, "Is that your house there?" as the pony tried to turn and she jerked him back with an exclamation—"Not now, Gyp!"

"Yes," she answered.

"My! Ain't it spile-end!" He braced himself up and took in a whiff of the fragrance from the big flower garden that burst on his gaze, together with wide porches and grassy slopes.

"How far'm I goin'?" in a disappointed tone he asked Gyp on, as he sank back.

"To Mr. Fisk—no, you ain't neither!" she broke off. "It's a shame for that man to impose on himself and family so. You're going here; and before the boy really realized it, the phaeton had been sharply turned around and Gyp was trotting willingly through the open gateway toward the cool house beyond."

"I've got into it now an' there's no getting out; when I said, too, I wouldn't harbor none of 'em, an' specially a boy," she fretted and grumbled. So with an added shade of grimace to her manner, she found a place for him in the back kitchen chamber, and saw that he had a bountiful supper, for she never scrupled her table.

No wonder that Mr. Fisk was astonished when he came down to see into the non-appearance of the unlooked-for thirteenth, to find him on the lounge in the back porch drinking in fresh air and a bowl of new milk at the same time.

"It ain't because I want him that I kept him," she hastened to say. "Tain't that, for thirteenth's unlucky. It's just 'cause of your wife. 'Twould be downright heathenish to have her have him there, and I ain't a heathen anyhow."

"I'm glad you are not, no matter what I am," he replied smiling. "You'll not be sorry for this, I know. You know the promise to those who do for Christ's sake, and you may entertain an angel."

"Humph!" she interrupted. "That boy looks as if angels or something like 'em'd entertain him pretty soon if he don't get to looking less chafky. And as for gratitude, I don't expect it in this world, so you needn't talk of it."

So Mr. Fisk did not, but contented himself with dropping in daily to receive a portion of the fretting that the unwelcome visitor brought out.

"Somebody, it don't seem strange here," Donny mused one day from his chair. "Eldred used to tell me about just such a house and a well with a great pole like that."

"Eldred! Who's Eldred?" Mrs. Carter sharply demanded.

"Eldred? Why, he's the boy that went to the hospital when I did. He lives on the next floor. His pa's sick most of the time. His ma's dead and he sells papers to help. His pa was a sailor. He ran away from home when he was a boy, Eldred says, and he had one most like this, seems to me. His pa's told him about it so many times he says he most thinks he's seen it. I do, too, now, and I wish he was here—I most know he'd say that little tin horse upon that big barn's just like the one his father told him about."

"Who you talking about, Donny Myers?" Mrs. Carter was sitting up straight in her chair, her knitting work dropped in her lap.

"Eldred Harvey—I thought I'd told you; his pa."

"Donny Myers, sit right still till I come back," she abruptly commanded, gathering up her work.

"Mr. Fisk, I'm going to New York," he announced an hour later to the surprised minister from her phaeton, her air more grim and determined than ever.

"You, Mrs. Carter?"

"Yes, me. What's to hinder? And if things turn out as I think, why nobody here won't be sorry, I'm thinking, that's all. Mrs. Dick'll go up and keep house and look after the boy."

"Well, if Mrs. Carter isn't strange!" he ejaculated as she drove toward the station.

But if he thought her strange, what could the people of Pinckney have been expected to think when, three days later, the big roomy phaeton drew up at the platform just as Mrs. Carter emerged from the car, and the boy in waiting helped a man emaciated by recent illness to a seat among its cushions? Then a boy accompanying her found a place, and the three drove off toward the Carter homestead.

And what could Donny have been expected to think, or Mr. Fisk himself, who was there at the time when the trio drove up so unexpectedly? Donny did not have time to think, for the boy picked him up like a feather-weight as his feet struck the porch.

"You weigh five pounds more, you dear old Donny!"

"Why, Eldred Harvey! Mrs. Carter, how good you are! Did what I told you?"—but he stopped of his own accord as he heard Mrs. Carter speak.

"Yes, Mr. Fisk, it's me, and yet it ain't. I'm another woman. This is my son and my grandson, Eldred Harvey Carter. My boy left me years ago because I was too blind."

"Now, mother," the weak man feebly remonstrated as he was helped to a chair.

"Yes—the past is past, I know, but I see more clearly than I used to. And Donny"—she bent down and kissed the boy, then turned to the minister. "Yes, I don't forget how my present blessings came, nor how near I've come to losing them by wrapping myself up in cold selfishness. It's his home, too, henceforth, Mr. Fisk. He saved Eldred's life and suffers for it yet, and he's brought them back to me."

"And what do you think of thirteen now, and our fresh air charity?" he slyly asked, as she looked benignly at them from behind the tea-tray.

"I think thirteen brings the best of luck; I think I did entertain an angel; I think the charity a grand one; and I think I'm going to prove it," was her energetic answer.

And she did, for when the next year came around, Donny, well and strong, announced

to Mr. Fisk for her that Carter farm stood open every summer for thirteen poor boys and girls; and she says, "he added, 'that she will find a home each year for the thirteenth.'"

"Amen!" Mr. Fisk warmly ejaculated. "That is best of all, for there is not one but will bring a blessing to the door of such deeds for His poor." —Wilberforce, Ohio.

ABOUT MEN.

—Dr. George MacDonald, the novelist, has been lecturing in the south of England and on the Channel Islands. During his earlier London season he was obliged to deliver his talks from an armchair. This was due, however, not to any abatement of physical vigor, but to a badly sprained foot.

—Corporal James Tanner, says a Washington correspondent, rarely goes to bed before 10 o'clock in the morning. It is unusual for him to get a night's sleep. He is accustomed to sit up till, thoroughly tired out, he is obliged to lie down. But sometimes he can only ache and toes, and now and then he is obliged to get up again and sit in his library for an hour or two and smoke himself 'till more tired. The trouble is due to the incessant pain in his two amputated legs.

—Professor Melvil Dewey, who used to be with Columbia College, is going to Europe to study the economy of the greatest libraries there and to see what methods they follow which it would pay to practice here. His trip will also take him to Oxford and Cambridge, where he will study their method of extension, so as to see how to forward the proposed university extension in New York State.

—Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, the great London Baptist preacher, lives near the Crystal Palace, six miles from his church. He owns twelve acres of ground, and delights in farming. Says a recent visitor: "He attends no dinner parties or junketings of any kind, joins in no public amusements, but gives himself entirely to his home, his books and his pulpit. On Sunday morning he drives to his Tabernacle, preaches twice; he conducts the church prayer-meeting on Monday evening, and lectures to two or three thousand people on Thursday evening."

—On one occasion Joseph Chamberlain was praising John Bright's style in the reformer's presence. "I have no style," said Mr. Bright, "but Mr. Gladstone has. I sail along from headland to headland; but Mr. Gladstone carefully follows the coast line, and wherever he finds a navigable inlet he invariably follows it to its source, returning again to resume his exploration of the coast and to strike the headlands that I have traced for."

—When Mr. Edison went up the Eiffel Tower, which he did very early in the morning, he had been preceded by a batch of Buffalo Bill's Indians, under the guidance of Major Burke. The latter chanced to hear that Edison was just paying a visit, and he instructed his braves, when the *ascenseur* arrived, to give the great inventor a tremendous reception, which they did in a series of terrific war-whoops that must have been heard all over the exhibition grounds. Edison was astonished and amazed to find that the savages of his native land had stolen a march on him. But, as Major Burke remarked, "It was in the order of things. Barbarism always precedes civilization."

—Dr. Cuyler has heard John McNeill, the new pastor in Regent Square Church, and thus describes him: "Mr. McNeill is a fresh, brown-haired Scotch man of thirty-five; he has Spurgeon's racy, familiar colloquial style and evangelical fervor. He stood on a platform before the pulpit, put his foot upon the pew-back before him occasionally, talked on rapidly with great fervor, and sometimes burst into an explosion of red-hot eloquence. He is already a power in London, and is bringing many souls to Christ."

—There is a man in Biddford, Me., who has whitened so industriously and skillfully for eleven years as to bring himself into notice. Among the products of his jackknife are a violin case made of 2,937 pieces of wood of 106 different kinds; a yoke of oxen and a cart, put together in a glass jar with a small neck, and a great number of really well-made animals that would readily sell as toys. But this Maine genius will not part with any of his creations for love or money, and as he does nothing but whittle, he is getting together a large and interesting collection.

THE AUTHOR OF "LOOKING BACKWARD."

In the *New England Magazine* for September, Sylvester Baxter has an interesting sketch of Edward Bellamy, the author of "Looking Backward," from which we excerpt the following paragraphs for our readers:—

Edward Bellamy, like that most charming tale-teller, Robert Louis Stevenson, was born in almost exactly the middle of this wonderful nineteenth century, having first seen the light in the year 1850. A certain parallel might be instituted between these two contemporaries, not only as to their mystic-mindedness, but also as to their striking gifts of narrative and singular fertility of fancy. Stevenson has also, like Bellamy, decided views in social reform, although he has never given them distinctive literary expression.

When "Looking Backward" was written, Bellamy, although a favorite author with many, was not widely known, and many inquiries were made as to his identity and residence. Boston was generally credited with being his home, although in fact he is probably more familiar with New York than with the New England metropolis, which he appropriately made the scene of "Looking Backward." He tells us that it was only by close study of the map of Boston that he secured fidelity to locality, and when he occasionally runs down to see the friends his work has made for him, he still finds the labyrinthine streets of our city a perplexity, and makes his way about successfully only by a free use of cabs.

Bellamy's birthplace is still his home, the pleasant factory village of Chicopee Falls, a suburb of Springfield, Mass. Although he has extensively traveled, he has never transplanted himself to other soil, beyond passing a year in New York as a journalist. With his wife and two children he occupies the same house where his father, the late Rev. R. C. Bellamy, lived for thirty-five years. On both sides he is of clerical descent; his mother's father was Rev. Benjamin Putnam, one of the early pastors of the Baptist church in Springfield, and one of his paternal ancestors was Dr. Joseph Bellamy, of Bethlehem, Conn., a prominent theologian of the Revolutionary days and the preceptor of Aaron Burr. His father was a man of strikingly tender, sympathetic nature, with heart ever responsive to human suffering. The same nature has proved a priceless heritage to the son, for sympathy may be said to form the key-note to all that he has written.

Young Bellamy took a partial course at Union College in Schenectady, and then spent a year of study in Germany. Returning home, he studied law and became a member of the Hampden County bar, but never entered upon the practice of the profession. Journalism had more attraction for him, and in 1871 he was employed on the staff of the *New York Evening Post*. In 1872 he became

an editorial writer and book-reviewer on the *Springfield Union*, and maintained his connection with that newspaper until 1876, when he resigned to devote himself more fully to literature. In that year he took a trip to the Sandwich Islands, going by way of Panama and returning by the Pacific Railways. These journeys have given him the knowledge of the world and contact with its people so desirable to an author.

THE INFIDEL'S SHEEP.

AWAY among the hills of northern New England were two infidel neighbors, who had lived to man's estate, sinning and blaspheming against God.

One of them heard the gospel message, and hearing, believed unto eternal life. A short time afterward the converted man went to the house of his infidel neighbor, and said to him:—

"I have come to talk to you. I have been converted."

"Yes, I heard that you had been down there and had gone forward for prayers," said the skeptic, with a sneer; "and I was surprised, for I had thought you were about as sensible a man as there was in town."

"Well," said the Christian, "I have a duty to do to you, and I want you to stop talking and hear me. I haven't slept much for two nights for thinking of it. I have got four sheep in my flock that belong to you. They came into my fold six years ago, and I knew they had your mark on them, but I took them almost as heavy as that which he himself had inquired all around and could not hear anything of them. But they are in my fold with the increase of them. And now I want to settle this matter. I have lain awake nights and groined over it, and I have come to get rid of it. And now I am at your option. I will do just what you say. If it is a few years in State prison, I will suffer that. If it is money or property you want, say the word. I have a good farm and money at interest, and you can have all you ask. I want to settle this matter and get rid of it."

The infidel was amazed. He began to tremble.

"If you have got them sheep, you are welcome to them. I don't want nothing of you, you will only go away; a man who will come to me as you have—something must have got hold of you that I don't understand. You may keep the sheep, if you will only go away."

"No," said the Christian; "I must settle this matter up, and pay for the sheep; I shall not be satisfied without. And you must tell me how much."

"Well," said the skeptic, "if you must pay for them, you may give me what the sheep were worth when they got into your field, and pay me six per cent. interest, and let me alone."

The man counted out the value of the sheep and the interest on the amount, and laid it down, and then doubled the dose, and laid as much more down beside it, and went his way, leaving a load on his neighbor's heart almost as heavy as that which he himself had borne. The full result of that scene is only known to God. One thing is certain, the infidel was seen to frequent the house of prayer, and we may be sure that he afterward believed there was some power in the Gospel, and that all Christians were not hypocrites. —The Christian.

The Little Folks.

AUNT HOPE'S SECRET.

THERE was a most dismal growling sound in the kitchen. Aunt Hope, passing by the half-open door, looked anxiously in, fearing Kitty had cut her finger or bumped her head, or something.

Neither. Kitty stood by the sink over a pan of potatoes which she was set to wash, and if she did not expect to wash them with tear drops, why did she send so many splashing down among the rough, brown-coated things?

"Why, Kitty Smith!" cried Aunt Hope, cheerily, "is the well dry that you must furnish water to wash the potatoes, or do they wash easier in salt water?"

Kitty's only answer was a fresh deluge of tears, half of which Aunt Hope kissed away with a merry laugh.

"Now, dear child," rolling up her own pretty dress sleeves and plunging into the potatoes as if she liked the fun, "let us do these potatoes as quickly and cleanly as we can, and I will give you a secret."

Kitty always liked secrets, and the very idea of one dried up her tears. "I'll tell you one," she said, "but it isn't any secret to you now, you've been here three days; I hate to work."

"Do you?" said Aunt Hope, in as surprised a tone as though she had never dreamed of such a thing.

"Well, I knew just how to pity you, for when I was your age I did too."</

PUBLISHER'S COLUMN.

5000 New Subscribers.

We shall reach that increase, if the canvass is begun everywhere at once. New subscribers should be offered the full benefit of the three months free.

Pre-iding Elders greatly serve the HERALD by lip and pen. One writes:—

"I shall be pleased to help all I can to increase the number of subscribers in the District. A copy ought to be in every Methodist home. It is a grand help, and is growing better each week. The announcement for 1890 is grand."

Another:—

"I think the HERALD was never meeting the needs of New England Methodism better than now, and I would be glad to see a copy in every Methodist family."

Another has put into print the following:—

"ZION'S HERALD means intelligence, strength, and an abiding Methodism on your charges."

A prominent clergyman in New Hampshire, in sending for sample copies, is pleased to add:—

"A long list, you will say. True! But everyone of these persons ought to have the HERALD. Shall do the best I can to increase the list. The HERALD is now worth work for."

Rev. W. P. Ray, of Peabody, Mass., on last Sunday morning, before the sermon, very clearly explained to his people the relation of Zion's HERALD to New England Methodism. He told his people of the beneficent feature connected therewith in the interest of the worn-out preachers, and that, all told, Zion's HERALD was the best paper for them. He informed them that if they would give him their names at once, they would secure the paper for fifteen months for the price of one year's subscription. At the close of the service, eleven names were given him. This shows the possibility, if the people are only advised of the facts in the case. In addition to the above, this faithful preacher proposes to make a personal canvass for the HERALD, and expects to secure a much larger increase.

Rev. C. A. Littlefield, of Springfield, sends us seven n. w. subscribers, which he characterizes as only a beginning of his effort along that line.

See Preliminary Announcement, and send for sample copies for distribution, or send full list of names to whom it is desired to have sample copies sent.

A. S. WEED, Publisher,
36 Bromfield St., Boston.

ZION'S HERALD FOR 1890.

Preliminary Announcement.

We are early in the field—because we cannot help it. There are so many homes as yet unvisited and unblest by Zion's HERALD; we have made such excellent provision for the spiritual and mental upbuilding of every class of mind in the broad field which we aspire to enter; and our preachers will have so much to do in calling personal attention to the richness and helpfulness of our weekly visits and the offer of a free three months' subscription to new subscribers, that we feel compelled to begin our September issues with a preliminary statement.

Zion's HERALD does not believe in standing still. The highest goal is not too high for its ambition. Many of our readers have kindly informed us that during the past year the standard of our contributions has steadily improved, that the scope has broadened, that current political, social and educational questions, as well as religious, have received careful and able treatment in our columns. But we are not satisfied—"Not as though we had already attained, either were already perfect; but we . . . press towards the mark." There is a position yet to be occupied by religious journalism which the HERALD is determined to reach, and we believe our readers sympathize with our efforts to make the paper the broadest, fullest, most forceful, most interesting, of all our Methodist weeklies.

Our present list of contributors has no equal, we believe, in any paper of our denomination. To this list we are continually adding new names of recognized influence and ability. We will mention some of them, both old and new: First of all, the following Bishops:—

Bishop J. F. Hurst,
Bishop H. Vincent,
Bishop W. A. Nindie,
Bishop W. F. Mallieau,
Bishop J. N. Fitzgerald,
Bishop D. A. Goodsell.

We have captured the missionary staff of our church entire, as the following names will show:—

Chaplain C. C. McCabe,
Rev. J. O. Peck, D. D.,
Rev. A. B. Leonard, D. D.,
Rev. S. L. Baldwin, D. D.

Below is a list of the educational leaders who will be represented:—

President Warren (Boston University),
President Bartlett (Dartmouth),
President Smith (Colby),
Chancellor Sims (Syracuse),
President Raymond (Wesleyan),
President Wheeler (Allegheny),
President Bashford (Ohio Wesleyan),
Prof. Prentiss (Wesleyan),
Dean Huntington (Boston),
Prof. Little (Syracuse),
Prof. Winchester (Wesleyan),
Prof. Mitchell (Boston),
Principal Bancroft (Phillips Academy),
Principal Steele (Wilburham),
Principal Bragdon (Lasell),
Dean Thirkield (Gannon),
President Haygood,
Principal D. C. Knowles (Tilton),
President Gallagher (Lawrence).

The pens of some of the ablest women in the various departments of reform and of literature will enrich

our columns, notably the following:—

Frances E. Willard,
Mary Lowe Dickinson,
Kate Sanborn,
Alice Stone Blackwell,
Mary Stevens Robinson,
Lucy Rider Meyer,
Belle V. Chisholm,
Harriet A. Cheever,
Sarah Pierce Scarborough,
Kate Sumner Gates,
Mrs. S. L. Baldwin.

Not to enumerate occasional correspondents, our regular staff will continue to write—"MANHATTAN" for New York, "S. J. H." for Chicago, "N. B." for Baltimore, "SHAWMUT" for Boston, "CHEYENNE" for the Rocky Mountain region; "WESTMINSTER" for matters and things abroad, Dr. E. S. Stackpole for Italy, Dr. E. W. Parker for India, Dr. C. S. Long for Japan, and

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster for Washington.

The miscellaneous list is a full one. We can call from it but a few representative names, principally those of acknowledged influence in other denominations:—

Rev. REuben THOMAS, D. D., pastor of Harvard Church (Cong.), Brookline, Mass.; Rev. O. P. GIFFORD, pastor of Warren Avenue Baptist Church, Boston; Rev. EDWARD A. RAND, of Watertown, Mass.; Rev. J. L. R. TRASK (Cong.), of Springfield, Mass.; Rev. EMORY J. HAYNES, D. D., pastor of Tremont Temple Church, Boston; Mr. JAMES BUCKHAM, Burlington, Vt.; Rev. WM. C. BULL, D. D., Whitford, Pa.

HON. NEAL DOW has promised an occasional contribution.

MR. EDWARD BELMAY, author of "Looking Backward," will write concerning the new movement which his remarkable book has stimulated.

The catalogue of our Methodist writers, in addition to the names given above, is too great for enumeration, but we mention the following:—

Dr. J. W. Mendenhall,
Dr. Frank Bristol,
Dr. R. K. Day,
Chaplain Louis A. Beaudry,
Dr. Howard Henderson,
Dr. George Lansing Taylor,
Dr. Mark Tralton,
Dr. Joseph Pullman,
Dr. W. S. Studley,
Dr. H. P. Torrey,
Rev. John Alfred Faulkner.

We have been promised selections from the unpublished letters and MSS. of that brilliant and lamented genius, REV. FALES H. NEWHALL, D. D.

The above lists are by no means complete. They include names, however, pledged to our columns, and from these as samples our readers will know how rich a feast awaits them.

Zion's HERALD will not be simply a magazine-paper a paper of contributions. Every useful feature in modern journalism will be incorporated. The editorial treatment of current topics and vital themes will be as strong and broad and fearless as the corps is able to make it. Every leading reform of the day will receive attention and championship in these columns. Specially impressed with the urgency of the mission of our denomination in the South, the editor intends at an early date to visit our educational institutions in that land, and to put our readers in possession of information secured in closest touch with the work. Constitutional prohibition, the Woman question in all its forms, the interests of the young people, the new Deaconess movement, and all similar problems affecting the prosperity of the church, Sunday-school lessons and economy, with whatever tends to conserve and beautify social and domestic life, will be freshly and interestingly cared for. It will be the aim of Zion's HERALD not merely to keep pace with current events, but to lead; not merely to cooperate, but to inspire.

Let all remember that Zion's HERALD is not a money-making institution for those who manage it. The Boston Wesleyan Association generously and gratuitously contributes the use of the Building and the money which carries it on. Its earnings are sacredly applied to the cause of the disabled and veteran ministers of our patronizing Conferences. There is not a dependent supernumerary preacher in our New England churches, nor a widow or orphan in our itinerant ranks, who was not made happy and more comfortable by the dividends earned by this paper last year and the year before. The more earnest and successful our preachers are in increasing our subscription list, the larger will be the next dividend, and the happier will be its recipients.

Review of the Week.

Tuesday, September 10.

—The Porte has yielded to the demands of Greece.
—The Aurora (Ill.) Watch Company has succeeded; liabilities, \$200,000.
—The annual return show that 78,684 persons emigrated from Ireland during the past year.
—Ten men employed in a Colorado mine were drowned yesterday by a remarkable accident.
—Three girls were fatally injured yesterday afternoon during a fire in an Albany junk store.
—The 30th anniversary of California's admission to the Union was celebrated at San Francisco yesterday.
—Baltimore began her six days' celebration yesterday in commemoration of the bombardment of Fort M'Henry.
—Benezzer Dale, of Boston, treasurer of the Dexter Mills, committed suicide early yesterday morning at Gloucester.
—More arrests were made yesterday by the

State police of parties engaged in the illegal catching of menhaden in Buzzard's Bay.

—Premier Crispi of Italy has sent his check for a thousand francs for the Columbus monument fund which the Italians in New York city are raising.

—Chicago, in an attempt to secure the World's Fair, will adopt an ordinance compelling steamboats and engines to abandon bituminous coal, thereby lessening the smoke nuisance.

Wednesday, September 11.

—Typhoid fever is very prevalent in this city, this autumn.

—There was a sharp shock of earthquake last night at Wilkesbarre, Pa.

—Another woman has been murdered in the Whitechapel district, London.

—The loss by the Albatross 86 is estimated at \$2,000,000 to \$3,000,000 francs.

—Replying to appeals to keep the Paris Exposition open, the directors announce that it must be closed Oct. 31.

—Hon. S. C. Cox, congressman from the State of New York, died last night. The cause of death was peritonitis.

—A wealthy Chicago syndicate proposes to put up twelve million dollars or more as a guarantee fund for the World's Fair if held in that city.

—Great damage is reported by the high tides and cyclones along the Atlantic seaboard. Many beaches are almost ruined. At Jersey City the water breaks into the sewers.

—The entire Bench of Judges, district and circuit, of Riga, Russia, have been arrested for using the German language after they had been ordered to use the Russian.

—Canada's greatest fair, the Industrial Exhibition of Toronto, was formally opened yesterday by Sir John Macdonald in the presence of an immense concourse of people.

—Cardinal Manning proposed that the London dock laborers should receive increased pay from Monday. Neither strikers nor dockers agreed to this. He denounced American workmen for alleged slowness.

Thursday, September 12.

—Capt. Wissman has offered a reward of \$4,000 for the head of Chief Bushiri.

—Twenty thousand people attended the Grangers' Fair at Tilton, N. H., yesterday.

—Stockholders of the Boston, Concord & Montreal road vote to unite with the Concord road.

—About one thousand of the London dock laborers resumed work yesterday on their own terms.

—A scheme is announced for the construction of a ship canal between Edinburgh and Glasgow. The capital is placed at £7,000,000.

—Stanley is reported as marching toward Mombasa, after having established the authority of the British East Africa Company.

—The Yellowstone geysers, some of which were supposed to be extinct, are boiling furiously, in sympathy with the disturbance on the Atlantic coast.

—It is said that Denison D. Dana, the missing treasurer of the Douglas Axe Company, sunk large sums in Colorado mines, losing \$125,000 near Silverton, Col.

—Pension Commissioner Tanner handed in his resignation to the President last night. Lack of discretion and executive ability were the chief reasons on which a desire for a change was based.

—The storm seems to have reached its height yesterday along the coast of New York, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland. Considerable damage was done at Atlantic City. At Ocean City, Md., the hotels were invaded by the waves, and the guests were in danger of drowning. About forty vessels were driven ashore on the Delaware coast, and at least fifty lives are lost.

Friday, September 13.

—Stanley is expected to reach the eastern sea-coast of Africa about the first of October.

—Vice President Morton witnesses the sham battle at Fenton, a reproduction of the famous battle of North Point in 1814.

—The first train out of Atlantic City, N. J., since Monday left at 10 o'clock yesterday. Fifteen thousand people will have departed by to-night.

—Sir Edwin Arnold and daughter arrived in Washington and were cordially received by President Harrison. They will visit Boston next week.

—As a result of Cardinal Manning's mediation, the London dock companies, while adhering to their original offer, will listen to final proposals from the strikers.

—The terrible force of the dynamite explosion at Astoria may be appreciated when it is known that a village of forty houses has vanished, several large warehouses destroyed and the windows were broken in buildings a thousand yards distant. There were 135 people killed and 300 wounded, 100 of them severely.

Saturday, September 14.

—The attendance at the Paris Exhibition now averages 100,000 daily.

—The Liberal party has control of the Cabinet and House of Representatives in Brazil.

—The cruiser "Atlanta" arrived at Newport, R. I., having weathered the storm admirably.

—The French police tear down placards announcing the candidacy of General Boulanger.

—Four million acres of land in Minnesota, hitherto held by Indians, are about to be opened to settlement.

—The London dock directors and the strikers have practically agreed, and work will be resumed on Monday.

—A New York man has been arrested on the charge of falsifying a case of sickness, he is relying on "faith for a cure."

Sunday, September 16.

—It is thought likely that Gen. Warner will accept the Pension Commission.

—A German syndicate is purchasing all the non-Bessemer iron mines in the Lake Superior district.

—A financial crash is reported to be imminent in the Argentine Republic, where the premium on gold has reached 125 per cent.

—A bloody fight took place between blacks and whites at Lawrenceville, Ill., in which about a dozen were wounded on both sides.

—Letters of sympathy have been received by Premier Crispi from Bismarck, Salisbury, Gladstone and others on account of the recent assault.

—Mr. Thomas A. Edison has gone to Heidelberg. He will return to Berlin to exhibit the photograph to Emperor William, Prince Bismarck and Count Von Moltke.

—The trial trip of the cruiser "Baltimore" was satisfactory, she demonstrated that she is the fastest man-of-war afloat. She made more than twenty knots an hour.

—The big strike in the Connellville coal region has been settled, and 8,000 men employed by the Rochester and Pittsburgh Coal and Iron Company will resume work to-day.

—The London dockmen formed in procession yesterday and marched to the Mansion House, where they were reviewed by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress. The men, as they passed, cheered enthusiastically. From the Mansion House the paraders marched to Hyde Park, where they held a meeting.

THE CONFERENCE.

(Continued from Page 5.)

here, but of late there has been a deepening interest, and Robert Keith, the pastor, is now rejoicing that the work of the Lord is prospering. Four were baptized Sept. 1, and ten, Sept. 8. May the good work go on extensively!

The Empire Grove Camp-meeting at East Poland was generally declared to be the best ever held on the grounds. More than fifty professed conversion, and not less than twice that number professed to enter into the experience of entire sanctification. The meetings were largely carried on by the preachers on the district; the preaching was direct and accompanied by the power of the Holy Ghost. The meeting as a whole was a great inspiration to the churches where the pastors came with their tents' companies and remained with them through the meeting. The order of the meeting was perfect, and the presiding elder announced on Sunday, the last day of

the meeting, that this was the fourth year he had had charge of the meetings, and so perfect had been the deportment of the people for the whole time, that he had never had to call one person to order, or administer one word of reproof.

No. Convey and Intervale, N. H.—We are sorry to learn that Rev. M. E. King, the pastor, is laid aside from his work on account of a throat trouble. We hope it may prove only a temporary difficulty. Bro. King is a hard worker, and has not always taken the best care of himself. He will have to rest for a while, but we trust a few weeks of entire rest will enable him to resume his work again. He has broken down in health once before, and will have to be more careful in the future than he has been in the past.

Richmond.—Bro. G. F. Cobb has been holding meetings in school district No. 5, and of late has been gathering some fruit of his labors. Last Sunday was a successful meeting, for a large number of people were gathered on the river bank to witness the baptism of two young ladies (sisters) who are recent converts. This was at the village. After the baptism Brother Cobb and the presiding elder went to No. 5 to hold service, during which the Spirit came in melting power, and nearly the whole congregation were baptized in tears. Bro. Cobb is looking and laboring for a general outpouring of the Spirit upon the people. We trust he will not look in vain, nor have to wait long.

E. T. ADAMS.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE.

Bangor District.

The twentieth annual session of the Hodgdon Camp-meeting opened with a prayer and consecration service held in the chapel, Monday evening, Aug. 12, and closed the following Friday evening. There were a goodly number present at the opening meeting, and the Divine Spirit came upon the people, while the faithful men and women who came to the ground to do and to get good were baptized with power from on high and quickened for the work.

Tuesday morning, Rev. B. C. Wentworth, presiding elder, having arrived with reinforcements from the Bangor and southern parts of the Bangor District, the battle began in earnest, and continued through the week with winning success. Brethren preached in the following order: J. W. Price, Rom. 12: 1; G. R. Palmer, John 6: 68; F. W. Towle, Gen. 32: 24; J. H. Irvine, Hab. 11: 6; J. W. Day, "Songs of Angels"; Rev. Mr. Baker, "Christ's Tears"; W. F. Campbell, Rom. 1: 16; J. K. Clifford, Deut. 32: 4; F. W. Brooks, 2 Phil. 3; H. E. Frohock, Eph. 2: 1. The preaching was practical, biblical and excellent in results. Souls were saved, wanderers from God came back to the Father's house, and the church was animated for better work in the future.

The rain which came on Thursday morning and continued until nearly the close of the meeting, compelling us to hold services in the chapel, resulted in greater showers of blessing and salvation for the people. Friday afternoon the clouds lifted just a little, when the W. C. T. U. of Houlton, Hodgdon and Lincoln came to the front, and with the aid of Bros. Frohock, Wentworth, Clifford, Lewis, and others, put in their plea for God and home and native land, and did not forget their claim and right to the ballot. This and all the services were greatly enriched by the presence and fine singing of the East Maine Conference Quartette. Bro. Wentworth, our new presiding elder, planned well and succeeded finely at his first camp-meeting since appointed to this district, and we trust that our members will take the spirit of the meeting home with them, and that in the on-coming months we may witness mighty displays of Divine power in all our churches.

C. L. HASKELL, Sec.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE.

The New Hampshire Conference Seminary at Tilton opens with the largest number of boarders ever known in its halls in a history of forty-five years. The Conference has thus justified itself in its expenditures for new buildings. The students are a very fine class of young people, and the year opens with the prospect of a continuous and substantial growth in numbers and scholarly enthusiasm.

The citizens of the village have recently shown their increasing interest in the school by giving a lawn party on the island for the purpose of furnishing the new drawing room. The people quite generally participated, giving all the refreshments, and turning out in large numbers to the entertainment. The school attended in a body, and a most friendly and enjoyable evening was spent fraternizing with the citizens of the town. About \$80 were realized, and what is more valuable, a great impulse has been given to the kindly feelings entertained by the town toward the seminary, and pride in its success as an institution of learning.

Rev. J. W. Adams wishes to amend his report of the Houlton Academics and Chautauque Assembly. He has been reminded that Rev. O. S. Baketel was the principal of the Summer School, and not Prof. S. A. Dow. As Brother Baketel was everywhere and the inspiration of all the good work done, his guiding hand should be recognized. J. W. A.

Dover District.

During the display of fireworks at East Epping, Thursday evening, Aug. 22, several paper balloons were sent up. Only one of them managed to get into the air and sail away into space. On Friday, while Rev. A. McGregor and wife were driving from the camp ground to Methuen, passing through the town of Atkinson twenty miles away, they discovered something not far from the roadside that looked like a great scarabaeid. It hung on a tree only a short distance from the ground. Examination proved it to be the balloon sent up by the night before. It had come twenty miles, and having spent its strength came down in a tree. Mr. McGregor sent a piece of it to the Conference correspondent.

Rev. C. M. Howard having success in his fourth year at Raymond, Sunday, Sept. 8, four were baptized—one by sprinkling and three by immersion. This society is now holding, in addition to the regular service, a school-house meeting on Sunday afternoon and a kitchen prayer-meeting every Wednesday. In this manner it purposes to reach the non-church-going population.

Mr. Harris S. Baketel, son of the Portsmouth pastor, has been elected Academy to complete his preparation for entering Harvard College next September.

Clarendon District.

The Lord is blessing the work in Hinsdale, Rev. F. C. Libby, pastor. September 8 was a grand day for the church. Six united on probation, making thirteen who have thus joined since Conference, and several others requested prayers. This is believed to be only the beginning of a great work of saving grace.

Special religious services are being held at Bristol by Rev. E. E. Davidson, an evangelist. There are indications of good, especially among children and youth. At the last in-formation about forty have manifested their

desire for salvation. The new church is being pushed forward. The frame is up, and it will soon be enclosed. It is a misfortune to burn one man out so often and cause him to rebuild. But Brother Cole is equal to the work every time.

Clarendon District.

Union revival meetings are being held at Milford. Rev. A. W. L. Nelson is expected to see the salvation of sinners; souls are inquiring the way of life.

Rev. C. H. Tucker has won the hearts of the people at East Dering. Consecrated labor tells for God.

Sept. 1, two infants and two adults were baptized at Henniker.

Two adults were baptized the same day at Contoocook, and received into the church.

The old academy at Canaan Street has been newly fitted up and a school opened. Methodism is taking on new life at this point. The parsonage is being greatly improved without and within.

Wilnot has suffered a severe loss in the death of Mother Clough. Rev. C. F. Trussell is laboring faithfully to strengthen the things that remain.

Dr. J. Z. Armstrong is home from his vacation, greatly improved in health. Rev. S. P. Pillsbury was very acceptably supplied the pulpit in the Doctor's absence.

Sept. 1 was a great day for the church at Keene. Thirty-three were received into full membership. Rev. J. W. Adams was present, and assisted in the services. Brother Adams' words of counsel will not be forgotten.

The Orphans' Home at Franklin, under the superintendency of Rev. James Royce and wife, is doing a work second to none other in the State.

Rev. S. E. Quimby, who has been quite low, is rapidly recovering.

The school at Titon is opening finely. There is a large increase in the number of regular boarders.

EMERSON.

VERMONT CONFERENCE.

Montpelier District.

It is a pleasure rarely experienced to find a prettier dining-room than the one now in use in the boarding hall of the Vermont Methodist Seminary. The addition is connected with the old room by means of pillars and arches, the whole is newly papered in panels, and the artistic effect is said to be equal to that of any dining-room in the mammoth White Mountain hotels.

Rev. W. R. Puffer, of West Ensbrough, has been visiting old friends at Stone and elsewhere on the district.

Presiding Elder Trux has been suffering from an acute bilious attack, but is slowly convalescing.

Miss Alward, of the Seminary faculty, has undergone affliction in the death of her father, who died in Memphis, Tenn. Owing to her poor health, as well as to the distance, she was unable to attend the funeral, and has but just recovered from the shock sufficiently to resume her classes.

Rev. O. M. Boutwell, of West Randolph, being called to attend the funeral of a former parishioner at Rouse's Point, took a short trip among familiar scenes in that locality. His pulpit was supplied in his absence by Rev. H. T. Forrest, an old pastor at that point.

Bros. H. F. Reynolds, of Chelsea, and C. W. Scott, of Topsham, have been attending the holiness camp-meeting at Underhill.

The recent quarterly meeting at Wainfield and Fayton was considered a great success, and the presiding elder gave great satisfaction by his sermons on the occasion. Pastor Howe, having had both congregations for four Sabbaths, now takes his vacation, which he spends with friends at Manchester and Boston.

RETLAW.

St. Johnsbury District.

East Burke.—Rev. J. E. Farrow preached a very effective farewell sermon the Sabbath before sailing for England. The church and congregation bade him adieu by voting him three months' vacation and making him a present of \$160. After heartily thanking the people, he said, "I have learned to love the people of America, the country, its laws, institutions, privileges and freedom, and with Ruth I can say, 'Thy people shall be my people go with me.' Much sympathy and many prayers go with them."

The camp-meeting at Lyndonville was one of the best ever held there. The preaching was of the purest type. Every sermon was good, and some superior. Of these special mention may be made of those preached by Bros. Chrystie, Wright, Curl, McAnn and Worthen. The results of the meeting are being seen in nearly every charge represented. Sinners were converted and the church quickened, and the fresh baptism upon the ministry is being felt.

C.

St. Albans District.

At Keenburgh Falls a steadily growing and abiding work is manifest in all departments. A disinterested person, who has observed the condition of church affairs for several years, says: "I have never seen the general interest of the church in so good condition, and with such good prospects as now. The church is growing in spirituality and in brotherly love." These remarks are substantiated by the following report, which many will be glad to read: Since Conference three persons have been baptized and received into full membership, which makes ten excellent members, and also twelve probationers, secured under the present pastorate. The preacher's claim last year was raised \$250 and easily met, leaving a surplus in the treasury. The benevolent collections were \$200 in advance of the previous year, aggregating in all \$421, which places the church second in the list, with only about one-half the membership of the church which ranks the highest. Besides this, about \$200 were expended last year in parsonage repairs. The work accomplished last year has had no depressing influence, as changes have been made in the vestry providing for a fine library-room in the rear, and over \$100 have been raised and expended since Conference in the purchase of new books. The Sunday-school now has 500 volumes,

and under the superintendency of V. A. Irish, is larger and more interesting than ever before. This is a young church, and should be recognized with liberal encouragement in its aggressive work.

The preachers' meeting for this district will be held at North River, beginning Monday, Oct. 7, a fuller notice of which will be found among the notices.

The Vermont Woman's Christian Temperance Union held an interesting two-days' camp-meeting on the Morrillville ground, beginning Aug. 21. Eminent speakers were present. Mrs. M. Harris of Brooklyn, addressed large audiences. The attendance was not as large as in former years when temperance meetings have been held on this ground, but great interest was manifested in the various phases of the work as presented.